

Strike On! At Kalispell and Somers Mont. Everything Tied Up -- Workingmen Stay Away!

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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One Dollar a Year

No. 16

THE FLATHEAD STRIKE INDUSTRIAL WARFARE

The men's strike in Flathead valley, which has been going on for some time, will be on until called off. Another victory for the workers and another spike into the coffin of the master was there again with the power that he possesses. His injunctions, guns, clubs, evictions were all to the front, and the poor devil of the desired a better shack to live in, and doubts of a new calico dress, and a new demonstration of the law. "That railroad ties are of more value than human life." If any slave who has been through the Flathead valley believes that he has equal rights with his employer, such person must indeed be deaf and blind.

Injunctions. The usual capitalist method to intimidate the strikers was immediately brought to bear, and up to the present time there has not been a man's face scratched or a blow struck by a striker. Yet two injunctions were signed by a district court judge who was contended that he would never issue an injunction against the working class, which practically forbids the members of No. 32, I. W. W., and Organizer Heslewood from doing anything except to breathe, and even the act of breathing was an offense against the injunction of the law (the Somers Lumber Co.) if the breathing was very loud. The people were enjoined from trespassing on the company's property, which includes the United States postoffice and public highways. It forbids the members of the union from going to the boats that are public "carriers of passengers and merchandise," which run on Flathead lake, because it was impossible to reach such common carriers without trespassing on the property of the Somers Lumber Co. It was impossible for hundreds of persons to get their mail without breaking the law, and yet we are told to believe that the United States postoffice is a public institution, owned by the people. (Parrot it.) The members of Local 384 were restrained from visiting the homes of other workers for the purpose of trying to induce such workers to come out on strike, even though such houses were situated on the county road. One union man was clubbed over the head by a deputy sheriff who, it is claimed, is on parole from the state penitentiary, where he was serving a sentence for murder, and this occurred on the public road. Men were mailed until they were black and blue by armed thugs called deputies, for committing the awful crime of walking on the railway track belonging to Jim Hill. Organizer Walsh was especially enjoined from speaking on the company's property or any property adjoining the company's property, which meant a farmer's field, where Walsh and the band was camped, and for which Walsh had a lease.

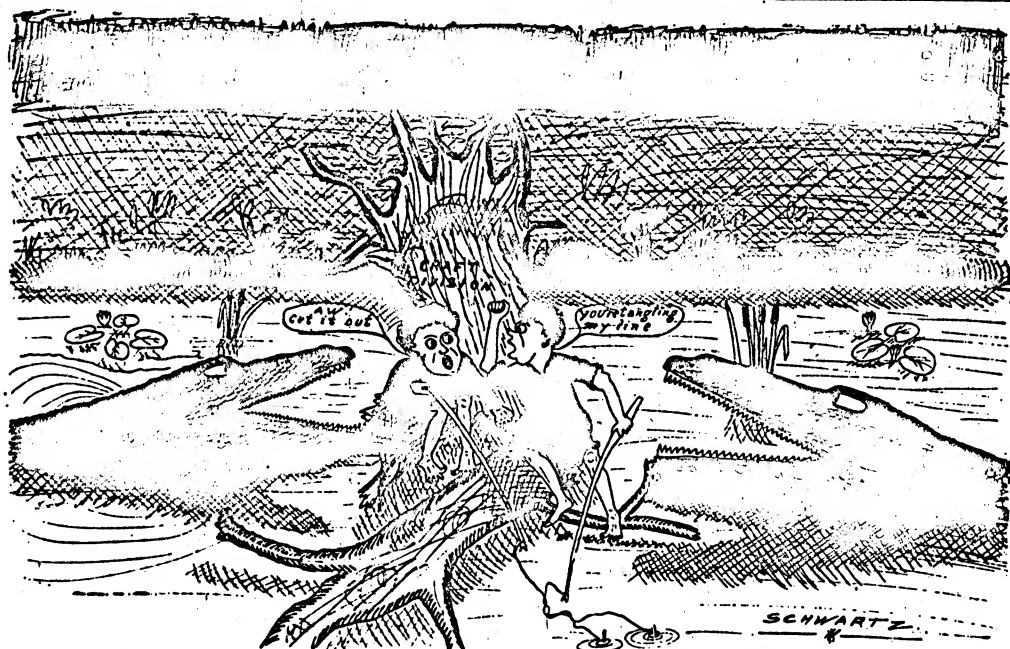
Lies to Secure Injunctions. To obtain these injunctions from the district court it was necessary to resort to lies, which the capitalist or his agent ever was known to system at swearing to. If it would serve his purpose. The manager of the Somers Lumber Co. made affidavit in the complaint to the court that it was his personal knowledge that all the men who were employed by the company were defalcated, and yet in court he admitted that it was not his personal knowledge, but that he had been informed by his clerks and other paid lackeys—a clear case of perjury, and one that was the means of having men who were on strike beaten with clubs by deputies, and others thrown into jail. It did not hurt the manager of the Somers Lumber Co. if it did not cure the cuts on the strikers' heads or give any redress to those who were unlawfully imprisoned. It did something better than either, though. It made some more clear-cut revolutionists and opponents of a capitalist system.

Evictions From Shacks. In 1908 all workers in and around Somers, who owned their own homes and where such homes or shacks were situated on the Somers Lumber Co. property, were asked to sign a lease and pay \$1 a year, which required the owner of the shack to vacate on five days' notice. The lease did not allow the owner to sell his home to any other person, and even some of these leases were worked on persons who were situated on the county road. Some refused to sign the lease, as they smelled a rat, while others were induced by a slippery, high-colored company lackey into signing, only after the smooth talking gent told them that the signing of the lease would in no manner affect them, but that it was only a plan of the company to keep prostitutes and saloonkeepers from getting on to their property. Many were signed by the company agent into signing, and the lease was brought out in the strike and used, as they always were intended to be, to force the strikers to work or force them from their homes. No prostitute ever stooped to such a mean and deception as a means to ruin a man into the dust.

The beautiful law, says that it takes 30 days notice to put any person out of their home, who owns the law? The boss.

Workers on the Fortine River. The men on the Fortine River was a victory for the workers. It has taught the boss that labor is not to be trifled with, and that if the workers strike, the logs will stay high and dry on the river until the spring of 1910, and they may have something to say as to when they can get them down then. The logs belonging to the Eureka cannot be driven this year. The men picketed the river on three eight-hour shifts for over five weeks, and only left camp when they were sure that the boss at the Eureka would not settle with them. The boss at the Eureka is sorry he did not settle with the Somers Lumber Co. would not let through. He hated to scab. He was a union man, and true to his class. He had a drunken sheriff and deputies to assist him. The sheriff picked up dollars for booze to try and on to scab, but the logs are high and quite contented on the banks of the river. They would not come down then. The slaves would not work.

Rotten Eggs, Rifles, Etc. The strike was in progress it was



THIS IS A PICTURE OF THE BOYS AND THEIR PETS
THE BOYS ARE QUITE FOND OF THEIR PETS
THE BOYS WILL SOON FEED THEIR PETS
WHILE THE BOYS OF THE SEP-A-RATED UN-IONS ARE FIGHT-ING EACH OTH-ER,
THE EM-PLOY-ERS EAT UP THE WORK-ERS.

deemed advisable to have more speakers to assist in carrying on the fight, as there was entirely too much work for the organizer who then had. The executive committee, therefore, decided to ask for Organizer Walsh and the Spokane I. W. W. band to come in. Walsh and band stopped off at Eureka to hold a street meeting, as there were a great number of strikers in and around Eureka. The business men, or cockroaches, who are dependent on the slaves in the Eureka mill to keep their paunches fat on exorbitant profits, immediately got busy, and on the afternoon of the day that Walsh arrived a meeting of these "friends of labor" was held in the bank and it was there decided to purchase a few cases of eggs, have them placed on the sidewalk, and thus start trouble. It was supposed that the few strikers would start trouble immediately on seeing the eggs, and a few business men stationed at an upstairs window with rifles would deliver an address on economics—with lead. However, they got cold feet, as there was a bunch of river drivers arrived in the nick of time, and as there are others owning rifles in Montana outside of store keepers, the play was not pulled off.

Arrest of Heslewood. The arrest of Heslewood by the sheriff of Flathead valley was only another job by the master class to break the strike. With an injunction against Walsh, restraining him from opening his mouth, and Heslewood in jail, the company evidently thought that they would then have no trouble in getting slaves to operate their plant, but booze and plans sometimes work out wrong, and had the sheriff kept a clearer head instead of taking on a load of false courage, his plans might have worked all right.

The sheriff of Flathead county is a tough man. It takes a tough man for the job. A tough man can always be picked out by the way he wears his hat. If the hat rests on two pegs, one the left ear and the other the snout, he's tough. That's the guy in Flathead valley; but he is not as tough as he thinks he is, with all that. One thing about him, he is liberal. He loves booze, and spends so much money that even workmen wonder where he gets it all, and how much the county pays him, etc. The strike was no sooner called than the sheriff got busy. Union men were buttonholed on their arrival in town by Mr. Sheriff and informed in a very confidential way that Heslewood had sent his wife away and was going to "light out" in a day or so with the money; that they were foolish for striking; that Heslewood was an anarchist, and a grafter and was leading the poor, honest workmen astray. This same dope was being peddled by the company lackeys, and all the tools had their brains of the sheriff could always find a plot, and he was sure that martial law was an absolute necessity although, as we have said, there had not been a blow struck on the part of any union man (probably not much to their credit). The sheriff was anxious to get Heslewood and had told several persons. He was sure Heslewood was a grafter and should be imprisoned. He said Heslewood did not believe in God or the American flag, and he would sure get him. He told men in Eureka that if they would kill Heslewood and get into Canada, that he would not follow them. This lover of Gods and flags, and vassal of the master class, a hater of anarchy—hush! A law and order agent always acting to "get" some one ("getting" a man in Montana is a threat against a person's life), accusing people of crime with no evidence to back it up, assassinating a man's character, giving favor to the Somers Lumber Co., advocating martial law so that innocent persons might be legally murdered. This thug is a sample of the law and order element, who is a friend of labor and a lover of Old Crow.

The Saloon Row. "Have a drink, Heslewood"—a command rather than an invitation. "Not with me," came the answer from the organizer. "Why do you refuse to drink with me, sir?" "Because you're a liar, and lower than a skunk." "You're under arrest." "All right; you've got me; it took you quite a while. Just wait until I leave this money with some one that won't rob me." Heslewood was counting the money and had \$140 counted out of \$185 (Strike money) when the law and order agent stepped behind him

(Continued to Page Four.)

ORGANIZER FOOTE IN SLEEPY PORTLAND

Now, the new year reviving old desires. The employment shark mournfully enquires The whyness of the wherefore of the what. He loves the workers but they love him not!

Does the shark love you? Well, sure! Sunday afternoon last, the union held its street meeting on the slave-market in front of the Canadian employment shark's office; the swamper acting at the instigation of his master, the chief shark, butted in to the meeting; the I. W. W. was made up of a lot of "furriners" who couldn't hold a job if they had one; that we just hung around knocking the "decent employment agents" who were trying to help out working men who had a dollar left and wanted to ship out. He objected to the I. W. W. giving free information about jobs and insinuated that we were grafters; the lie was exchanged and I put it to a vote of the crowd to see who was a liar, the shark or the I. W. W. All that thought the I. W. W. speaker was a liar should hold up their hands; the shark held up his hand. Then the vote was taken for all who thought the shark was a liar and 200 hands went into the air with a yell. So what's the use of a man trying to run an employment shark office in Portland?

Yes, Mabel dear, the I. W. W. is growing in Portland; 90 new members for the month of June; 200 new members in the last two and one half months. And we have set the mark for 2,000 members by the first of December. Besides this, the union has mapped out a system of camp delegate work similar to that in vogue in Seattle and we are getting results from it. Fellow Workers Pancer and Jessup have started down the Columbia river and will take in every camp between here and Astoria on the Oregon side, and will make every camp on the Washington side on the return trip. They will turn in a complete report of every camp, amount of men employed, wages paid, sentiment for the union, new jobs, etc., and these reports will be filed for the benefit of the union; the camps will be flooded with literature and we'll grab the situation.

A report has just come in from Pancer and Jessup from Rainier. The camp of the Portland Lumber Co. at that place is a live one and more men can get on after the 20th of July. The Tillamook railroad job is starting and rock men can go to work. Let us make this an I. W. W. job; we can do it. I leave July the 3d for Frisco, where I will speak for the union at a number of big meetings and then I will return to Portland to help push the systematic organization work started here.

There is considerable work in the shape of short jobs going on here at \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50; on the whole, things are sort of loosening up and there is prospects for more work in the near future.

THE NEXT I. W. W. CONVENTION.

Local No. 92, Portland, Ore., having called on the G. E. B. to issue a referendum looking to the postponing of the convention of the I. W. W. for one year, and to elect the officers and deal with matters of amendments to the constitution by referendum, I have voted for this, on the principle that the membership have the right to decide this, as they have to pay the expenses of delegates, if they send any. I personally believe it will be best to hold a convention this year, when plans could be formulated for a convention every second year in the future, and a system of nominating time set for calling and closing of the nominations and electing of same by referendum every other year; also constitutional amendments at the same time the officers are elected. There has been an amendment to the above proposed by No. 92 to the G. E. B. that the convention be postponed to May, 1910. I consider this more in the nature of a substitute than an amendment, and I have voted against it, as I see no reason to change the time of the convention, which changes also the ending of the fiscal year.

The membership are more liable to be able

to send delegates to conventions in September than in May, on account of the general slackness of work during the winter months. What is more important for the membership to consider is the changing of the methods used at conventions.

There is little gained by changing the form of organization, unless we also change the machinery of the organization to correspond with the new form. Of what use was it for the second convention to adopt the method of locals making amendments to the constitution, providing they were published two months before the convention, unless it was for the purpose of giving the membership a chance to do some of the work themselves, so that the time of the delegates could be used for discussing plans for further constructive work of the organization, which should be the main work of conventions? A body of men have a certain amount of energy that they can use in a given time, which can only be used in two ways—either to construct or destroy. It is a waste of time to elect a constitutional committee to work several days altering amendments submitted and published by locals and is therefore destructive.

At the fourth annual convention the constitutional committee would not bring before the convention an amendment submitted and published by Local No. 178, Seattle, Wash., which, in my opinion, was the most important amendment offered, namely, "That delegates vote on the proposed amendments submitted and published, as per instructions of their constitutions."

All the amendments, and a considerably greater number, could be disposed of in less than one session of the convention; as it was, it took several days to discuss the committee's amendments, virtually wasting the time of the locals that discussed the amendments submitted by the locals. By the way, I think there are few, if any, amendments offered so far. I have heard of none. Is it because we have no official organ? Or is it because locals don't care to offer amendments that are not acted on, for or against? I wrote a letter to the Bulletin early last winter on this subject and urged the locals to consider early what amendments they thought necessary, and have them published, and not wait until the last few months, but my letter was not published. I am not making a complaint, I am simply stating a fact.

In closing I would like to say a few words to the membership in the Northwest. The Industrial Worker is sitting the capitalist nail on the head, with sledgehammer blows; therefore, let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and keep it going. It is doing great work in helping to drive the mist and cobwebs from the workers' minds, so it is helping us. We must do our part, and support it.

THOS. WHITEHEAD.
Member G. E. B., I. W. W.
Seattle, June 25, 1909.

A ROTTEN JOB.

There is at least one pick and shovel job in Seattle at present where a man can get work without buying it and that is on the new Cedar river pipe line. When the water was turned into this pipe a few days ago, it leaked so badly that it was necessary to uncover a considerable portion of the pipe and tighten the bands. This pipe line has been in process of construction all winter, and the men working upon it were worked so hard and treated so badly in the camps, that when a call was made a few days ago for men, through the employment offices of course, suckers could not be found to buy a job upon it and the contractors were actually forced to give the jobs away! Oh, yes, there was a clause in the contract to protect the workmen from the employment office graft, but that was a joke. The wages are twenty-five cents per hour, board \$5.25 per week. As to the quality of the board, well, Grant Smith is the contractor, so that tells you what the grub is like. The work is very wet and the bones are very much on the hurry-up. The directions to get to this camp are as follows: take Beacon Hill street car to the end of the line; walk two or three blocks south end—SMELL! Follow the direction the smell comes from, and that will take you to the camp.

Yours Fraternally, RICHARD SMITH.
L. U. No. 322, Van Ansett, Wash. (No relation to Grant Smith whatever—different breed).

LABOR EXCHANGE I. W. W. NEWS ITEMS

FROM BOVILL, IDAHO.
June 27, 1909.
There is plenty of work here. How long it will last, I do not know. They have just started the grade and figure on putting on a night and day crew of station men. There is plenty of I. W. W. men around here—and they argue the point and do their best, so I think we will have a h— of a time next winter. I want to subscribe for a paper one year, and send me all papers back to June 3d. P. PETERSEN.

ARROWHEAD, BRITISH COLUMBIA.
June 27, 1909.
I received the bundle of papers and some letters about a week ago. The slaves think the paper is all right. Wages in this camp are from \$2.25 to \$2.75 per day; \$5.25 per week for board; \$1 hospital, no employment graft. Everybody that comes around, gets on. The grub is good; they are going to build a new camp soon. I wonder how the strike is in Montana and other places? I expect to be down that way some time in August. W. M. ROBERTS.

FROM NACHES, WASHINGTON.
There are one or two new camps being started on the Tieton ditch and Fellow Worker John Barry has been offered the job of cooking in one. There will be good grub where he cooks, as he is there with the goods at both cooking and baking. The wages for common labor in the reclamation camps is \$2.20 for eight hours, but I would advise workmen to find out what camps are full handed at the reclamation office in North Yakima, before coming out, as it is a long drill to some of them. C. P. CHAPIN, L. U. 434.

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA.
Oxnard is a town of 5,000, four miles from the coast and 67 miles north of Los Angeles. It contains the second largest beet sugar factory in the west. It is advertised to start July 10. It runs night and day, seven days a week, and twelve hour shifts; they change the shift every two weeks. The wages are 20 cents an hour or \$2.40 a day. Rooms, furnished, can be had at from \$2 a week up, and meals at from 15 cents up. There are about two thousand acres of apricots in Ventura county. They begin harvesting them about July 1st. Wages, \$1.75, and board yourself the best way you can. E. F. LEFFERTS.

STRIKE STILL ON.
Many questions are asked lumber workers about the strike on the Fortine river and the brush camp at Treko. I will answer all questions in a few words. The strike is not called off on the river or at the brush camp because the Eureka Lumber Co. says it is settled. They have not raised the wages and are now trying to hire men to go to work at the brush camp by telling the men it is government work, but only want to pay \$2 per day and \$4.50 per week for board. The wages asked by the men working at the brush camp were \$2 per day and board. If men do not go to work there the company will have to pay the scale of wages asked by L. W. Nos. 421 and 341, I. W. W. LEN REINWAND, Kalispell, Mont.

FROM NO. 322, VANCOUVER.
I am instructed by Local 322, I. W. W., to write you in reference to having a directory of all I. W. W. Locals published in the Spokane Industrial Worker, so that all the secretaries of the different locals can communicate with one another, without having to walk until they can get the address from General Headquarters. Also, we consider that it will be useful to the members who, when they reach a fresh town, will know where to find the local union in that locality. T. H. BAIRD, Sec. Local 322, I. W. W.

STRIKE NOTES.
The manager of the Somers Lumber Co., of Somers, Mont., don't seem to have much respect for his own laws, when he stated in the Injunction Complaint that the Complaint was based on his own personal knowledge. Under cross-examination by the attorneys for the Union, he admitted that he had never heard Walsh, the defendant, speak, and that he was informed by trusted employees (scabs) of what had been said. Had this been a slave who had committed the awful crime of perjury, he would likely have had a steady job on the rock pile for a few months. The boss is greater than the law all the time.

The boss at Somers says that a great number of his logs will sink, and that he will have to pay taxes on the same logs next year that was paid for this year. Better come through, old men, as Pinkertons and deputies produce no wealth. It may be a rake of one bunch of parasites eating on the other bunch. Labor produces all wealth. See the point?

The attorneys for the Somers Lumber Co. were anxious to know how the I. W. W. stood on marriage. Had the witness Walsh been acquainted with the home life of some attorneys in Kalispell, he could have replied by advising all married men to love their wives, and not the hired girl. Moral: If your husband loves the hired girl, hire a Jap. Oh my!

NATIONAL ORGANIZER HESLEWOOD.
National Organizer Fred W. Heslewood, who has been in Spokane for a few days, has gone to Seattle at the request of the Industrial Unions there. He will be in Seattle till July 8 or 10, when he will come back to Spokane. From Spokane he will go to Great Falls to investigate Industrial Union No. 308, and learn the cause of all the trouble in that place. The address of the Secretary in Great Falls is given as "George W. Scrivens, Bach-Cory Block." Local secretaries please notice. Heslewood puts up the dope in a meeting of the I. W. W., and it will soon be a struggle to see which union is able to get him. This is no joke.

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JAMES WILSON

Editor

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The Industrial Worker is published by workingmen. We have no capital. Subscriptions and orders must always be prepaid.

Entered as second-class matter April 8, 1909, at the postoffice at Spokane, Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

You are not guilty because you are ignorant, but you are guilty when you resign yourselves to ignorance.—Mazzini.

Carr, the employment agent, has a fine automobile. Where is your automobile? Probably you do not like to ride in an automobile anyway! You would rather run a wheelbarrow! Suckers!

If the rancher you work for is good enough to let you sleep in the straw-stack, don't bother the pigs. Pigs get nervous if their sleep is disturbed. Pigs are worth money. What are you worth?

Men may differ in opinion in a thousand ways. Hunger is not an opinion. Hunger is real. Hunger demands real food. The I. W. W. is the real union to get real food for a hungry stomach—law or no law, "science" or no science!

Why? The lumber companies in the Flathead country have already spent \$250,000 fighting the I. W. W. in the present strike. This would have paid the union scale for a long time. Why do the bosses fight the I. W. W. if there is nothing in direct action?

Quit splitting hairs before you get so old you have no hairs to split. You have nothing. You want everything. The employers have everything. The employers are organized. If you get it away from the employers, you will need a strong organization to get it. You can't risk anything, for you have nothing to risk. Join the I. W. W.

Don't forget to hand it to the ranchers this summer. Make them pay you big wages and feed you right. They have called you a "hobo" all winter. Flour gravy and spuds may be good enough for the patriotic American scab-bill, but there is nothing too good for the I. W. W. man. Don't forget the chickens!

One of the chief crimes of the monastic system (the monks of the middle ages) was the brutalizing way it herded men together without the influence of women. Nine out of ten of the workers in the West are men and unmarried—the Western towns are "the towns." In the East the opposite is true. The employers have good homes and families in the East and in the West.

On June 20 there was a big horse race in Paris, France. It was the grand steeplechase and was held on the Auteuil race course. The second event was for army officers. It appears that these officers were pelted with stones and jeered by the crowd. The French workers are getting too wise to love the soldiers that shoot them, and it is becoming more and more of a disgrace for a worker to be a hired murderer. Spokane Labor World, please copy for Fourth of July.

The Butte "Miner" in commenting on the lecture in that city by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, says that "little is not especially interested that they pay the highest wages in the world there, and that the majority of the people are happy and contented." This is especially true of the thousands of miners in the graveyard whose lives have been shortened by being poisoned with the copper, or killed by accidents in the mines—they are happy and contented! Butte is a heaven on earth, according to this paper!

Those men who get a job working in a wheat warehouse this summer should learn how to "krude" wheat, and skin the ranchers. Then tell the boss that your wages must be raised, or you will tell all the ranchers how they have been skinned! This sometimes works better than you think. A rancher will believe anything, anyway! If the warehouse boss won't pay higher wages, then try all possible to drive away his trade. "It works while you sleep."

Get a copy of the Constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World, and learn how we are organized. An industrial union of the workers on ranches will be in the Department of Floriculture, Stock and General Farming Industry. A group of workers in a ranch country, who are hungry and overworked, should write to Vincent St. John, the General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W., at 310 Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill. They will hear of something to their interest, and receive advice about how to form a strong union to fight the ranchers.

Mann has again spoken! Let the earth tremble! Almost every one in the civilized world today has heard of Judge Mann of Spokane. But for the benefit of our readers in the South Sea Islands, we will state that Mann is the police judge of Spokane. He is, who sent the I. W. W. boys to jail for the longest term possible for speaking on the street, and who sent Albert V. Roe to jail for selling this paper on the street. But while it is his mercy and kindness of heart that endear Mann to the world at large, it is his deep wisdom that is his chief credit. But he is so little used to receiving any mark of credit from the Union men, that we fear that anything we may say to his credit will be looked on as a mockery of his established reputation. He has fined a man with a sick family (a workingman of course, for who ever heard of a bad man that did not work?) for smoking cigarettes. As a criminologist, Mann has got Lombroso and Bertillon faded! Now, if one of us had said that nine-tenths of the police judges were drunken, worthless scabs, we would have been arrested—not Spokane judges, but the ones in Africa, we mean. There will be no more crime, and no more prostitution; no more agitators and no more anarchists; no more employment sharks, now that the cigarettes have been condemned! It is wicked for a worker to smoke cigarettes, but it is all right to poison him with rotten grub and squirrel whiskey! The judge said he "understood it was the picnic in the papers that injures the smokers—the criminals." Any "criminal" that can live through a week in the Spokane City Jail need not be afraid of arsenic!

Mme. H. Lapause of Paris, whose pen name is "Daniel Lesieur," has written a book entitled "Right of Man," which is all the rage in Paris. This is written from the side of the employing class of France, or from the side of the "bourgeois," as the French put it.

"France's greatest glory," says this preacher of the gospel of the middle class, "has for a century been her bourgeoisie. Nearly all her men of talent, her painters, writers, statesmen and soldiers have sprung from that class, which revolutionary forces now seek to overthrow."

"It is necessary to use force to prevent such overthrow. Force is not cruel; it is right if in striking down some of the impetuous leaders of revolution it can bring back to a proper sense of their political and social obligations the followers of unscrupulous leadership."

"The Communists accuse the middle class of being capitalists, as though that were disloyal or hostile to the common welfare. The middle class is proud of its capital. It has been the greatest modern benefactor. It has advanced the world's progress, so that today the poorest workingman enjoys more power than did Louis XIV."

"To protect this middle class from revolutionary attack, I preach not only the right of might but also the duty to use force to overthrow those who seek to destroy the present regime."

There you have it in a nutshell! The ruling class in society has always appealed to physical force—either military or industrial. The ruling class has never yielded to petitions, prayers, or votes. Organized industrially, the workers can defy the army. Industrial control is the principal thing. The employers know it! Do you?

The "Western Clarion"—name probably taken from the "cock's shrill clarion" of Gray's Elegy—is a political paper printed in Vancouver, B. C. The last number of this paper has a long article crowing over the "defeat" of the French workers in the last strike in France. It says that the "direct action bluff" has hitherto characterized the French labor movement. It is a source of joy to these politicians that the politician Niel did what he could to throw cold water on the French workers. Of course these quacks neglect to state that the industrial union in France has won over 85 per cent of its strikes—and that not a French worker has had a dinner by means of anything the Chamber of Deputies ever did for him. The last strike in France was not the success it might have been, for the simple reason that the political traitors in the Confederation were able, for the time, to mislead the workers and betray them—not to a very serious extent however. The fact that the politicians have again betrayed the workers in France will make them depend more than ever on their own rank and file. The politicians are traitors and cowards and enemies of the workers first, last and all the time. It will never be a "merry world" till we have got rid of all politicians and priests. While it is a source of delight to the political fakery to see the workers fall for lack of a strong enough organization, they have not a word to say themselves, except to tell us to put them in office and they'll "be good"! Political power is the outcome

of industrial power. Changing the name or form of government cuts no figure for us workers. The French workers are robbed under the Republic and they were robbed under the Empire. There is no greater tyrant than the workingman who is put into political office—even if the masters allow him to take his seat. The average shoveler still knows his boss is a boss, but what does he care who the President or the King is? It would be better for him to elect his own boss than to try to elect a king. The masters' government is the enemy of the working class. It must be superseded by the industrial union of the workers.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE I. W. W.

The constitution of the I. W. W. is a thing which will well repay the study of every man or woman who is alive to his or her material interest. The I. W. W. constitution is a set of regulations and statements, written by a gathering of working people who have nothing. It has received the support of the union it represents—the I. W. W.—by a referendum vote of the rank and file of the union. The I. W. W. constitution might be called "the shortest route to the ham and eggs, for those who work for wages." It is a cinch that every employer of labor is well acquainted with this document, the constitution of the I. W. W. The employers know what it is for their own interest. The workers do not, as a rule, know what it is good for the workers, and the result is that they are workers and have nothing, and the boss is a loafer and has everything. The constitution is the creation of the members of the union and can be changed by the members of the union. But in order to act with intelligence, and to be something more than a mob of people who have no system and no food, and who are only to be made into food for the cannon, and targets for the rifles of the enemy, it is necessary to be familiar with tactics and rules of system. The employing class have schools wherein they teach their soldiers the riot drill. They know how to act together, in order, in order to keep on top of the backs of the workers. Nothing can make up for lack of system on the part of the workers. Every union man should know the constitution by heart. Every employer knows it, in order to be able to beat us. The I. W. W. is the most dangerous organization for the employers that the world ever saw. We propose to line up the working people against the enemy in the same line of battle as the enemy themselves—that is, in an industrial organization. Every union member should have a constitution of the I. W. W. in his pocket. Learn what an industrial union is. Learn what a national industrial union is. Learn what an industrial department is. Find out all about how the I. W. W. is regulated. All about the I. W. W. label and how to use it. Find out what the general officers of the union are to do. What is the authority of the General Executive Board? What is a referendum? How can a referendum be started? Only by means of industrial control can we be masters of the bread. To have control, it is necessary to have order. To have order, it is necessary to have discipline. If you are a member of the Industrial Workers of the World you have taken an obligation to study the principles of the union and to make yourself acquainted with its purposes. Get a copy of the constitution from your union secretary, or of the General Secretary-Treasurer of the organization in Chicago, Vincent St. John, 310 Bush Temple. Don't let the enemy tell you what you believe. You know what you believe, and ought to be willing to fight and die for your principles. We are all human and liable to error. In order to keep the grafters out of the union, it is necessary to know how the union is run. Let the fools who worship the golden image and the flag of slavery, who will murder their fathers and their brothers for \$13 per month, be familiar with the articles of "war." It is up to you to know how to starve out the soldiers of your masters' government and to lift up your flag, the Red Flag, over the tottering temples of cruelty known as class laws, and to erect your industrial administration in place of the palaces of the employing class whose foundations are human skulls, and whose mortar is the blood and sweat of the working class.

THE GREAT FALLS SITUATION

The American Federation of Labor and the press of the so-called "socialist party" have never a good word for the I. W. W. Being married, the A. F. of L. will not seek another political wife than the party of "vote, vote, vote." The socialist party, the socialist labor party, the republican party, the democrat party, never heard of Nevada. They never have heard of the success of the industrial union, but their ears are keen to listen and catch the sounds of the militia's guns, and the employers' injunctions against the working class. "Ha, ha, we told you so," say they all, when from insufficient organization, the workers are again driven to the shambles. And so in the case of the workers in Great Falls, Montana. The American Federation of Labor, and the "Chicago Daily Socialist" proclaim to the world that the local union of the I. W. W. has entered into a three year agreement with the enemy in Great Falls. It is impossible for us to deny this or to admit it. A statement from the socialist press, or from that of the American Federation of Labor, is generally false when it comes to the I. W. W. If it is true, that the members of the I. W. W. in Great Falls have compromised with the enemies of the working people, and if the local union at Great Falls has gone against the constitution of the I. W. W., the General Executive Board of the Union will expel them without delay. And the Industrial Worker will open its columns to advertising as scabs, any people who have scabbed in Great Falls and anywhere else. It will be a source of gratification to us, if the American Federation of Labor will give us the details of proof that any man with an I. W. W. card has been guilty of scabbing. We will brand him and advertise him and we will make an example of him. There may be truth in the charges that are made against the Great Falls people. The National Organizer of the I. W. W. is on his way to Great Falls, and the facts of the situation will soon be printed in this paper. We are unable to receive any word from the so-called Secretary of the I. W. W. at Great Falls. If it is a fact that the people in Great Falls have been guilty of conduct which is against our principles, they will be advertised with a perseverance which will be an example to all scabs everywhere.

THE I. W. W. AND RELIGION

"O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill;
To pang of Nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fall beyond the grave
Derives it not from what we have
The likeliest God within the soul!"

The I. W. W. is an economic organization. We deal with the bread-and-butter question in this world. The first economic thought in the "Lord's prayer" is "give us this day our daily bread." Whether or not a man has an immortal soul, he at least has a body. To exist as a man in the world he must have his daily bread. It is the purpose of the I. W. W. to get the daily bread for the workers, and also all the good things of life. In the new "Jerusalem," some may hope that there will be no employing class. "O, yet we trust" that there will be no bread lines and no hunger strikes to be able to eat of the "tree of life." Paul, the early apostle of Christianity—the agitator—once said: "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men the most miserable." He aimed to show men that the future existence was of far more importance than the present one. We will not quarrel with Paul; he was executed by the Bill of Rights of ancient Rome, the Emperor Nero. He was a brave man and a martyr, this man Paul. The condition of the workingman today, if he has no hope, is of all men the most miserable. The I. W. W. does not teach religion. There are members of the I. W. W. who are the followers of the carpenter of Nazareth—today he would be a member of the Building Constructors' Industrial Union, or we miss our guess—we have members who are the followers of Mahomet, and some of our Japanese fellow workers are the followers of Confucius. They all look alike to us, so they be workers.

But the position of the I. W. W. is not affected by the religious ideas of any of its members. If there be a hereafter, it will be none the worse for us that we have been able to get the pork-chops in this world. To live here, we must eat. To eat we must go to the boss and get his permission—a job. In order to control the job, and be able to say, boss, we must have an organization. To the religionists we say "Order is Heaven's first law." If organization is a good thing for the "white-robed harpers of the sky," why not for the black-robed slaves of the shovel? The men of the French Revolution—all honor to their matchless bravery—intended to "dethrone the king of heaven, as well as the kings of the earth." We confine ourselves to dethroning the kings of industry—the king of heaven is able to fight for himself. The Church of England has a hymn: "The Son of God goes forth to war, a kindly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar, who follows in his train?" We are there with the blood-red banner, but the kingdom in this world is for the workers. If the kingdom of heaven depends on justice and truth, then the I. W. W. is the organization to join to get your hand in for the hereafter. If the kingdom of heaven is to be ruled by Gunny-sack Riley and Hike-alon Roast, we want none of it. The preachers can fight out the fine points. The trouble with the church is that it sides in with the bosses, and fights the workers. That is the cause of the fight between the workers and the priests! Not the "burning" question of the hereafter! To be a man, to develop the powers of manhood, it is necessary to eat without bowing down to a boss—a fellow worm. The I. W. W. is the religion of good food, healthy bodies, clean houses and pure women; of decent enjoyment and care-free affection. The I. W. W. man should be able to tell the world that he is on the side of his fellow worker; on the side of the carpenter of Nazareth, and against the legal and political scribes and Pharisees.

We need courage, perseverance, system! It is up to every man with a spark of manhood and every woman with a spark of womanhood to be a member of the I. W. W., if he or she has to work for wages. Sentiment does not rule the world. Bread and butter rules the world. Men may be deceived as to the means, but experience is rapidly teaching us that we must stand together, or we will starve and freeze together.

The I. W. W. is the bread-and-butter union of the working people. Questions of religion, of race, of color, of nationality are so many firebrands sown among the workers to keep them from fighting the bosses and seeing where their true bread-and-butter interest lies.

Moral: Join the union of your class, and eat. Let the future take care of itself, and let the dead bury themselves.

A LEGAL JEWEL

Eureka Mont, June 29

The Industrial Workers -
Spokane Wash:
The Editor,
Dear Sir,

In reading your paper I saw an item in regards to the deal in Eureka and you were criticizing the business men and the Sh. and you also spoke of the Judge being mixed up in the deal. Now you spoke of him being a 2x4 Judge and having his hand of eggs and ready to throw them as soon as he could get p up enough courage to do so. Now that is all alle as I know that the Judge did not have thing to do with that egg deal and I will ask you as Men to retract that statement in your paper as you are hurting f my busi. If you will take the trouble to write to your agent here or to any who knows the Judge and you will find that you have wrongfully him. Write to Julius Peterson and ask him what he thinks of the Judge in Eureka and if he want give a manna square deal when comes to justice. Hoping you will give this your carefull attention I beg to remain yours respectfully

E. R. COUCHMAN

Justice of the Peace,
Labor agitators are often accused of misquoting the other side, and are we accused of the use of unrefined and inelegant English. The letter is copied verbatim et literatim from the original. The spelling is due to ignorance or illiteracy on the part of the Judge in question; the style is not exactly that of Joseph Addison or Alexander Pope, it is a sample of the "reform spelling" of Brother Roosevelt of the American Union of Labor. As for the assertion of the National Organizer in regard to the Judge, it is possible that Fellow Worker Walsh is not a man of accurate eye. The dimensions might have been 1x4 or 1 1/2 x 4, for all we know to the contrary. Those who have studied the I. W. W. know how blundering having injured the "business interests" of any member of the employing class! When we have our way, the employing class will have no business to be injured. It is, of course, impossible to take all the witnesses, the disgraceful affair in Eureka and hold a public trial of the event in the village and town. That there was a concerted plot, on the part of the interests of Eureka, to rotten-egg Walsh and the men and women who could be chemically shown by the presence of hydrogen phosphide in the many eggs prepared for that purpose. But being ignorant and unlearned, we must leave out science and ask the workers whether they believe in workingmen, or this Judge, with all his command of English and his assertion that we print "lies." Fellow Worker Peterson, to whom the refers, has met a cordial reception on the occasion of being thrown from the bridge in the interest of law and order. As for this Judge, he is no honorable man—"so are they all, all honorable men!"

The sheriff and the Judge, and all the powers of law, are against the striking lumberjacks, and if the interest of the Judges is injured, let some comfort that they have not suffered like the companies by the I. W. W. strike! We would not do this Judge an injustice, but there is such an amount of feeling on the part of the jailed membership of the union or all judges that it would be quite out of the question to show the I. W. W. people that the courts are their friends. The Spokane Labor World prints court notices. The latter paper has not the reputation among employers that the Industrial Worker has, and we have no doubt that Comrade Hughes would be glad to take up the case of the Judge, as they have the case of the "international." It is amazing that a union like the I. W. W., which consists of so many tramps and hoboes, could injure the business of a Judge. It is simply past belief!

A SCAB'S A SCAB FOR A' THAT

Thousands of Union men have yet no cards in a Union, and thousands of men that have cards in a Union, would scab on their mother. This was proven a few days ago at Somers, Mont., when eight big burly scabs with a pin on their manly breasts, bearing the inscription, "International Brotherhood of Woodmen and Sawmill Workers," landed from Missoula, for the purpose of going to work, and secondly for the purpose of starting a local of the Scab Brand of Unionism, that is a part of the A. F. L.

The leading fakir of this Scab aggregation has offered to give the Flathead valley a brand of Unionism that will be acceptable to the boss, and in no way retard the business interests of this high-lumber-and-low-wage-concern.

The Somers boss says he believes in Unions if they are run right, and he has evidently found the one that is run right.

A Union that is run to suit the boss, is one that will ask for no raise in wages or any better conditions for the workers. The boss will then love the Union. As a raise of wages generally means less profit, it is quite natural for the boss to want to get rid of this pesky brand of Unionism that is eternally wanting more wages and shorter hours. It would at least be more commendable on the part of the members of this International Brotherhood of Scabs, if they would invest the initiation fee and dues, that they pay into this company loving aggregation, for arsenic, and full instructions as to exactly what a dose is for a scab, and keep on taking the doses until they act in the best interest of the intelligent working class of this Capitalist cursed country. A Union run to suit the master. Whew! What smells!

(The above is written by the National Organizer of the I. W. W., Fred W. Heslewood, and the Industrial Worker commends it to the notice of Comrade Hughes of the "Labor World," that fearless champion of "Socialism," and incidentally of the scab international. Heslewood's ear is nearly healed after being massaged by the sheriff of Flathead county. "Discretion is the better part of valor," and if Comrade Hughes has never been jailed or assaulted by the employing class, it is not due to anything in the way of cowardice or duplicity on Hughes' part—far be it from us to suggest such an idea! Hughes, while hardly a "mence to society," is a plus brave des braves, and his safety is due to the fact that he can succeed in conciliating the employers as well as the workers.)

I. W. W. FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW

By organizing industrially, we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old. The wage system will last till some other form of production is able to crowd it out and take its place. For those who are moved to tears by sentiment, and the sufferings of laborers, and the miseries of the children in the tenements and in the corner groceries of the South, it would be well to read accounts of the condition of the people in the middle ages; the tortures, the floggings, the starvation, and then reflect that the serf system was not abolished by the tears of its victims, nor the prayers of the Church, nor the petitions of "Bezenecq the Rich," and others like him, but was crowded down and out by newer and more suitable social forms. The free communes, or towns which had certain privileges, which the townspeople had wrung from the nobility, became centers of rebellion against the feudal barons. The rising class of capitalists or citizens, became the new masters of the serfs, not because the new masters were necessarily kinder, but because the capitalists of those days, were able gradually to crowd out the economic power of the feudal lords.

Men will wear old clothes, till they can get new clothes, and people will endure an old system till there is something else to take its place. The same in Nature: the tadpole carries its tail, till its legs are grown; the child creeps till it can walk; and the chicken stays in the shell till well enough developed to break through the shell. The present wage system, by which a few people own the industries, and control the industries, will not be abandoned by the employers whose interest it is to preserve the present state of affairs. The workers in the various industries today act under the direction of a few. Production is carried on for profit without regard to the general well-being. Not only to wrest control of industry and production from the employing class, but to drill the workers in the management of industry, is the task of the I. W. W. The workers must be conscious parts of the organization, have an intelligent idea of industrial relations if they are to escape becoming the victims of the cunning and the designing. As for those politicians who think that the Secretary of War would make a proper man to manage the industry, or who think that the Secretary of the Navy would be all right managing the dairy industry, we simply say that the political government from its structure, form and purpose, is incapable of managing the industries of a nation. The government is the police department of the employers.

Organization is the law of every successful army, every industrial organization and confusion spells failure every time. To be capable of great things as far as industrial organization is concerned, we do not know that we will not advance and improve, but the workers' organization will be the one to rule the earth after the master class has been abolished.

A good place to begin organization in a small way, is to organize the employment offices. If we are as yet unable to put a few small grains of commission, how shall we accomplish the "revolution"? It is by the part in the struggles of the I. W. W., by realizing that only in so far as we advance will the enemy go back; that there is no royal road lined with diamonds that leads to freedom, but that we must climb hill after hill of difficulties in the struggle. It is possible to remove one of the nearest evils that in front of us and that is the employment agency evil. We, in America, substitute our labor exchange in every town, after the manner of our Fellow Workers and those of Denmark and elsewhere. By thus having a good practice, it is of little cost but the trouble, and helps toward goal. Keep your local union informed of the state of the jobs, and the conditions that come to your knowledge, help organize your fellow workers, and to this extent at least we crowd back the employing class.

This proposition: "by organizing industrially, we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old," is submitted to every thoughtful person for reflection—and then for action!

The Industrial Worker is two days late this week, owing to the fact that we have not yet got industrial control. We're not broke—not quite. It will not happen again.

INDUSTRIAL UNION FOR HARVEST HANDS

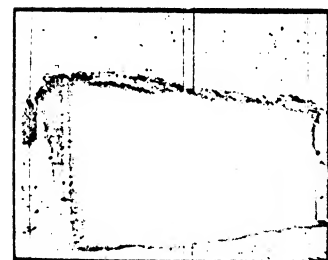
The time of year when the lying and the employers and their lack of help, there of this in their own reports and they know better. The rain may spoil the hall may scatter the grain; may shiver the wheat, but the man himself. Wherever there is a railroad in a farming or grain country, it may be seen the jungle rangers, wads of anxious slaves, only too willing to "save the crop."

The generally disorganized state of the people. It is hard to tell which is organizing most, or whether they are all alike in their miserable and mutual distrust. But it would be a better and more profitable spread of the I. W. W. than in the country. In many of the Eastern states a man is allowed to sleep in the few hours he has in which to rest in the West, in the Dakotas and in Washington, as well as in California, straw-stacks is good enough for the harvest hands. This is only a "way" in the kind opinion of the men. It would be hard to scrape the bottom of degradation and drag into the light a more barbarous state of affairs than is in the harvesting outfit. Take for instance, the "Palouse" section of Washington known as the "Palouse." Time was, and is yet, a man's appearance in Montana. A Montana lumberjack, a "Palouse" meant a fight. It was the lowest and vilest insult of reproach. It is, however, insult the up-to-date Montana scab. He is a scab with insult.

"A Fair Day's Work."

Six hours out of twenty-four is not an unusual day's work for a "good man" in the Palouse and Big Bend sections of Washington. The day from the powdered soil is choking, and a man with a "combined" harvester or a binder will cover a man's body with a walking image of dirt. In many places the harvester gets up before 5 a. m. and puts in an hour or two before breakfast, with the machine or carrying the seeds. The horses must be curried and kept fairly clean. The harvest hands need no currying and a bath would be unhealthy for them! Then breakfast! The meat is generally the worst "cow-belly" called also salt side; but it would be a shame to try to describe the

THE HOLTVILLE JUNGLES.



This is the headquarters of Branch 1 of Industrial Union No. 437, I. W. W., at Holtville, Cal. This "dub" house was built by the boys in Holtville and is one of the first labor exchange buildings which will soon dot the country. It is superior to say the least, to the straw-stack headquarters of the unorganized slaves of the Palouse. These headquarters will be the centers of rebellion for the slaves. What are you doing to better the condition of the farm workers?

hardening on fire. If the average harvester's meal would cause an insurrection. The one great luxury in the way of fresh vegetables or fruit, is prunes. Morning, stewed prunes; dinner, prunes; supper, prunes. On Sundays this is changed for prunes. The old joke about the stiffer who traded his blankets for a dollar has more truth than poetry. After work from 5 a. m. till 9:30 p. m. there is no sleep for sleeping medicine. The "man" stands on the ground, or under the straw-stack for sleeping in the house—it is out of the question.

As for a man could generally do better than an hour on the railroad. If a man is \$2 or \$3.50 per day, it simply means he has worked a day and a half, and a better grub than even the average contractor furnishes.

The "Ranchers."

The rancher in the Northwest—and especially in the Northwest—has a rule from the East who has made a piece of land, or who may have a homestead. He came to the country, and now has a mortgage, removed from society except that of his ideas are like hen's teeth—his religion consists in hard work, his work and the more painful the work the more he could do. The man as well as more popular with the rancher is his only comfort to see the slinky enough to work for him as himself and, if possible, more so. He, more and more by the trusts, the grain-bag trust, the warehouse combine, the days of the other are numbered. Being unable to grow the power of the large he seeks to "take it out" on the small man. To see the way in which he is skinned, a person should spend the office of the wheat warehouses the regularity and ease with which they are swindled in the matter of rights, etc. He beats the old shell game. The small employer—the one generally a meaner man to work for than a big capitalist and, big or little, they are against the man who works for

wages. If there was ever a group of the employing class that needed "attention" it is the rancher. They should be easy picking, and hammering at them till they have to pay, not only \$2 per day, but if possible, \$5 per day and \$10 per night. Every one takes a whack at the rancher, and how in the name of common sense a workingman, who has had the dog set on him by the rancher, and who has been drilled out of town by a hoosier marshal in the winter time, can hesitate to break it off in one of the scissor-bills, when he has a chance, is a wonder! It is the exception rather than the rule for a rancher to pay his help in full: the honest rancher is even more mean and dishonest than the city contractor—and that is going some! Not content with working the slaves all day and half the night, and feeding them on grub that would physic a woodpecker, the rancher does not consider himself a patriotic citizen unless he has robbed the help all they will stand. Then he talks about the "poor farmer" and the wicked trust!

Organize to Boost Up Wages and Shorten Hours.

In looking over the situation in the farming country, at this time of year, when the same man who last winter was called a "hobo" and a "tramp" is now called a "workingman," a "harvest hand" or a "good worker," a "same rancher who last winter set the dog on him, it is up to the people who are going to follow the harvest to see what they can do to get more wages, shorten hours, and have as decent conditions as the horses, at least. The farmer is a robber of labor, and the man who works in a harvest field is entitled to all he produces, but we must begin to take as much as possible every day, and always remember that although we are not able to take the farm away from the farmer—not yet—still we must keep this in view. The final aim of the I. W. W. is revolution. But for the present let's see if we can't get a bed to sleep in, water enough to take a bath and decent food to eat; then we will be ready for the next installment at the expense of the "poor farmer." While there are many drawbacks to organizing the farm workers in a harvest field, there are still many advantages. True, the work is transient; the men do not have a chance to get acquainted over a large district in the little time the harvest lasts; there are many floaters who are coming and going, and the railroad and elevator companies help the employment sharks to flood the country with men. So much for some of the drawbacks. Now, let's look at the other side of the thing. The crop must be harvested and harvested quick. When grain is ripe it must be cut or it will shell off. The work must be done in the time of the weather, and all the farmers and the same section need men at the same time. It is true that the ranchers often have an understanding among each other about the wages they will pay, but the ranchers are not as a rule well organized and will cut one another's throats more than the average employer in the town. There is nothing to prevent the men who follow the harvest from raising wages and getting a shorter day, or at least a shorter night. Those in the harvest, especially, who have followed the harvest for any length of time, have seen the men around a small harvest town refuse to go out for less than, say \$2.50 when the farmers were only willing to pay \$2. When the grain was ripe and beginning to shell off, the rancher would come down to the jungles and offer what the men demanded. All it needs is for the bunch to stand pat, and if there are a few scabs who are willing to work for less, they can generally be "persuaded" in one way or another. When a gang is hanging around a town and refusing to go out for less than a certain amount, it is often customary for the farmers to tell their marshals and judges to arrest and fine the boys as vagrants. This can be avoided generally with a little care, and the country marshal does not want any real trouble with the right kind of men at harvest time!

You I. W. W. Man!

Those I. W. W. men who are going to the harvest in the next few weeks should make it a point to take advantage of every little thing for the good of the union. Besides the general agitation, do all possible to stir up discontent with the scab grub, and the rotten conditions. Point out how much better it ought to be, and try to get the men to quit the rancher just when he is pressed for help, if he refuses to give you the very best of food and the best of beds. It may be true that the farmer himself lives like a hog, but just because he has not had a bath in ten years is no reason for his not having a porcelain-lined tub for the harvesters. You expect a bath in town; why not in the country? Try to keep the men out of the jungles, and always feed a newcomer if he is hungry—the farmers will all be glad to give you their chickens. If they do not see you take them, and you can live like a king in the jungles, if you throw out your feet. Stay out till you make the rancher come through. Remember that the employment sharks are your enemies again, and are doing all possible to flood the country with hungry men. You must not forget the employment sharks at any time!

To the working people in the Northwest, we would ask that you keep the Industrial Worker informed as to wages and hours, how the grub is, etc. We will have this list every week and make it as complete as you are willing to have it. This will be the means of wiping up the men who have not got the anti-fat habit. For a starter, and to those who are just out from the East, we would say, keep away from the neighborhood of Pullman, Washington, by all means. The farmers in that section are a by-word for mean, stomach-robbing dead-beats. If you want to eat, keep away from Pullman. Write the Industrial Worker about how the job is!

We will print it, and will give you a chance to keep men away from the stomach-robbers!

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I am not discouraged, as I believe that if we ever get a good I. W. W. agitator and organizer down this way results are bound to come. We have on the levee front about 10,000 transportation workers, and of this number about 7,000 are disorganized into about eight independent unions not affiliated with the A. F. of L.; about 2,000 are not organized at all. Of all the sawmills in this city and state I do not believe that one man of the thousands employed in this industry belongs to any union. In fact, the A. F. of L. has made no effort to organize the lumber workers of this state. Bagdad, La., owned by the Goodyear people of Buffalo, N. Y., claims the largest sawmill in the world. The American Sugar Refining company has three big refineries here. The one at Chalmette, La., is the largest in the world. No man in any of their plants is organized. Trackmen or section hands are not organized, and for the most part about 75 per cent of the teamsters, hotel and restaurant workers, store workers, etc., have never heard of any such word as organization. I would be willing to put up \$15 a month for six months and accept due bills on the general organization, to be paid from per capita tax received by the unions in this section. In order to help defray the salary and expenses of a good man. By "good" I mean a man capable of arousing the sentiment and turning them up into a philosophy would not be worth a damn, as the philosophy of mudallas down this way are very ignorant and his talk would go over their heads.

FRANK ALBERS.

INDUSTRIAL UNION IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

In order to let our fellow workers elsewhere know that the new-born activity and progress, which the I. W. W. is now exhibiting throughout the Pacific Northwest, is not confined to that section alone, I will forward you a few lines regarding conditions in this "city of the angels"—a name that must be understood to refer to "fallen angels" more than any other kind, just at present.

Fellow Worker Reese, one of the famous "hobo brigade" whose successful, proletarian, "direct action" tactics so horrified the "respectable" and "dignified intellectuals" who formerly condescended to lead us out of the wilderness, has been with us for a couple of months and is, at present, acting as an organizer for Local No. 12, I. W. W. Fellow Worker Reese is an energetic and capable young fellow and—being one of themselves—"takes" well with the slaves and owing to the untiring propaganda carried on by himself, and by other fellow workers who "drop into town" from time to time, Local 12, which was at rather a low ebb last winter, has enrolled a membership of considerably over the hundred mark, and more coming in right along. Street propaganda meetings are held several times each week and are always well attended, the slaves deserting both "sky pilots" and "slowcists" politicians meetings as soon as the I. W. W. "bunch" opens up. Reese has taught the boys to sing the songs of the "hobo brigade" with a vim and we find them a great aid in attracting and interesting the slaves. In addition to the progress being made among the "American" wage-slaves here, we expect shortly to add a Mexican branch with enough members to almost double our numbers, and there is also a reasonably strong expectation that we will soon be able to reorganize San Pedro, the harbor town of Los Angeles.

A "bunch" from Local 12 went down to San Pedro last Sunday and held a meeting which "shook the dry bones" of that tough joint until they rattled again. The net result was that 36 "Industrial Workers," all that we had left, were sold out, with requests for more, and other literature to the amount of \$2, in all nearly \$4 worth. In addition to this several names of prospective members were collected and those, with two or three old stalwarts, members of the former local, will go to form a nucleus for a new organization. The meeting was a huge one for San Pedro, and an unqualified success. As usual, here were a few "pure and simple," as well as "simply poor" (in spirit, I mean) political "slowcists" present, and after the meeting had closed these rose up on their hindpaws and wildly clawed the atmosphere, not having "spunk" enough to ask a question from the I. W. W. speakers, or try to refute their statements from the soapbox. However, it didn't hurt a bit and the slaves did not pay much attention, being—unusually so—unable to understand the "explanations" about which the "explainers" themselves seemed to be lamentably muddled.

The "Angel" City.

Conditions in general in "our" beautiful(?) city are far from satisfactory. A continuous stream of suckers with more money than brains are pouring in from the East and elsewhere and are being rapidly separated from their dough by our up-to-date land sharks, etc., and given a chance to do some honest toil. Thousands of misguided wage-slaves, almost all destitute and many the victims of disease, are following in their wake. To be sure "our city" is growing and new industries being established, but the jobless wage-slaves looking for a master are thicker than the flies on a piece of bad meat on a hot summer's day. The employment sharks charge \$2.50 to \$3 a job out in the Imperial or San Joaquin valleys to sling a shovel or drive a Fresno scraper team at \$1.75 to \$2 per day of 10 hours, with the usual rotten board generally at \$4.50 to \$5.25 per week, besides hospital fee and an average temperature of 100 to 125 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. Hurrah for sunny Southern California! There is also some hay baling, etc., and fruit picking of divers kinds, but for this kind of work woman and child labor is preferred, being able to do the work cheaper, and more pliable. "Our city" being largely a headquarters for wealthy parasites from the East, etc., who come here to spend their money in the most luxurious baubles, and in no sense an industrial center, the working class here consists mostly of "funkeys" and servitors of some sort or other, and is, therefore, rather hard to reach with the message of class unionism. A militant capitalist element, led by the vaillant ballroom "general," Harrison Gray Otis (the owner of the "Los Angeles Times" and a brutal journalistic prostitute of the coarsest type, whose fame—or infamy—exceeds even that of "Grandma" Durham of Spokane) has been able to keep the A. F. of "Hell" from (dis)organizing to any extent and turned what there is of it into "innocuous desuetude." But all the Otises and Durhams in creation can't keep the I. W. W. from organizing, and when we once get a-going these brutal, contemptible hirelings and would-be executioners of the working class will find the ground beneath their feet yawning to swallow them. Every knock from labor's enemies is a boost for the I. W. W.; the harder they hit as yet unclass conscious workers the

sooner these workers will awake to realize their wrongs and feel their power. "So, here's to you! You Otises and Durhams, and all your breed. Between you and us there are no interests in common; between you and us there is war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. So, lay on McDuff, and damned be he who first says, 'Hold, enough!'"

J. A. STROMQUIST.

THE I. W. W. CONVENTION.

It is the desire of No. 12 that you—announce in the Worker that this local does not endorse the resolutions sent out by Local No. 92. We believe a convention once a year is just as necessary to this organization as food is to the slaves, an old local endorses that unanimously. Previous to the last convention the same opposition was offered and it was not deemed necessary to hold a convention, still it was one of the most successful conventions ever held since the first one, for it was at this one that the I. W. W. washed its hands of those slimy politicians that were in this organization to disrupt and not build up, and the life of this organization hung on that convention. Now, why do away with a convention, since they are of such great importance? It's at conventions that matters unheard of come out. A convention is a stimulant to an organization and has a great tendency to acquaint the general membership with the work and progress of the union. Even if there had not been anything else done at the last convention but the changing of the preamble it would have been worth the price. The resolutions sent out by Portland local seem to dwell considerably on "saving money." Now, I say save money wherever you can, but by all means not by postponing a delegate. If any local can not afford to send a delegate let them have some other delegate represent them or, for instance, get there as the "overall brigades" did. Why, look at the pluck of the boys in the Northwest. They got to the convention via the brake beam route, and our own delegate got there and we did not send him. Any one who was at the last convention will see the folly of our frugal Portland comrade's resolution, for there were only two delegates at that convention who had all the necessities of subsistence, so let us hold our convention. If these last anything can be added to the organization let's have it. I hope the other locals will give this their careful attention and think the matter over before they endorse those resolutions.

G. A. FRICK.

A CHEAP SKATE.

The following lines are given to show up a cheap Fakir of Labor, who parades in the I. W. W.

Some three months ago we admitted to membership of Local 64, I. W. W., a man by the name, A. Allen, who at that time told us that he used to be a member of W. F. of M., and also active worker for I. W. W. when it was first organized. All went well until we began to hold our open-air meetings. Allen being somewhat of a speaker, became very active in holding meetings and also taking applications. But at the meeting of No. 64 on June 3, we learned that he took applications but did not forward the money nor application, and at meeting of June 17, we got some additional proof of the same practice. Knowing that such work can not lead to anything but discredit to our organization, we hereby inform our fellow workers that we have expelled from membership said A. Allen. So that if he ever comes to your community and flashes a I. W. W. card issued by No. 64, Minneapolis, you will know that it is a fake. A. Allen is an Englishman; has light complexion, with a sandy mustache; is about 5'4" tall, weight about 150 pounds; speaks in a very low tone of voice. He possesses the happy faculty of being able to change his mind on questions concerning the labor movement, as often as he happens to meet them. For instance, as we have seen in his six months here: First he was a S. P. man; got out of them, joined I. W. W., and now, after having a dollar or two on applications, has left Minneapolis for St. Paul, and there he has joined Danny De Leon's forces, and last, but not least, he also parades as a Missionist. Thinking that this will serve as a warning, a word to the wise is enough. (Seal) C. H. AXELSON, Cor. Sec. Ind. Union 64, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE POLITICIAN.

Go move this being without a visage called politician! Go all this thing called politician—this slimy, slippery thing which you think you hold and which always escapes you, which you believe dead and which always comes to life again—this abominable thing by which everything is debased, everything corrupted, everything bought, everything sold—justice, love, beauty—which has made of venality a national institution, which has done worse still, since with its filthy slavery it has defiled the august face of the poor! worse still, since it has destroyed in you your last ideal—faith in revolution! (Octave Mirbeau.)

ELECTRICAL WORKERS STRIKE.

The local union of the electrical workers—the inside wiremen—has got notice of a strike of the electrical workers in Denver, Salt Lake and Omaha. All union men should stay away from these towns, if they follow wiring or electrical work. I. W. W. men take notice!

ORGANIZE IN I. W. W. THE WORKERS' UNION

You are up against it. You have been working all your lives, or rather that part of your lives in which you have been able to get work, for a master. You have nothing but undeveloped brains, starved and crippled bodies and a desire for something better. This desire for a better living leads you to leave one job for another, to travel from place to place in search of a field in which your labor will bring you greater returns in the way of better food, better clothing, better shelter and afford better opportunities to enjoy the necessities and pleasures of life. But your experience teaches you that it makes no difference where you go, what occupation you follow or what wages you receive, you do not get any more than enough to keep yourself in condition to work.

You find in localities where wages are high the cost of living is almost equal to the price you receive for your labor. Where the hours are short the wages are short, or else you work harder and faster than where the longer workday exists.

You discover at last that you must accept any terms or conditions the boss wishes to impose upon you or starve. In fact, you are a slave. The cause of this condition is that the capitalist class, for whom you must work, robs you of the greater portion of what you produce. The reason why the capitalists have the power to rob you is because they are organized and you are not.

You must organize to protect your own interests.

You must organize to get more of the wealth which you create by your labor.

You must organize, not as workers in one trade or craft, but as members of the working class.

You must organize as a class.

More Union—Not Less.

Many of you have very little faith in labor organizations when you look around and see the so-called organizations of labor going down in defeat in their struggles against the organized power of capital, or being betrayed by their leaders. You must understand that these unions are organized, not to fight the battles of the working class, but to protect the interests of certain groups of workers in certain crafts or trades. These unions are constantly engaged in fights with each other as to which craft should control a certain part of the work in an industry, and are bound by contracts with their employers to assist in breaking a strike of any other group of workers in that industry. For example, take the railroad industry. The firemen make a contract with the company for two years; the brakemen, switchmen, conductors and other crafts have contracts for certain lengths of time, all expiring on different dates. The firemen's contract expires, the company wishes to renew that contract, but with some alterations which are against the interests of the firemen. The firemen go on strike. The engineers, conductors, brakemen and other workers, bound by their contracts, remain at work with scab firemen, thereby helping the company to break the strike. And so with all other craft organizations in all industries.

The only kind of an organization which will serve the interests of the working class is an organization so constructed as to include all workers in an industry, regardless of craft or calling. In one union, these industrial unions to be joined together in a solid organization of the working class, embracing all wage workers, regardless of race, color or sex. Only this kind of organization can battle successfully against the power of the masters.

We therefore call upon you to study the principles of the Industrial Union and to join the only organization which teaches that there is no identity of interests between employer and employee and that an injury to one worker is the concern of the entire working class. That organization is the Industrial Workers of the World.

FRANK MORRIS.

98 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

APPEAL TO WORKERS.

Labor creates all wealth and the quantity very largely depends upon the amount of effort put forth to produce it; as we are not all occupied with that end in view accounts for poverty and all the abominable conditions under which the toilers have to work. The mere fact that only part of society is employed in useful work should convince every one it is possible not only to ameliorate but to absolutely abolish all economic distress; it also goes without saying old mother earth is a very sumptuous provider, otherwise our so-called leisure class could not exist to verify the statement. The Industrial Union is the embryo of the new society conceived and nurtured by the most prudent victims of the conniving despicable masters of industry, and when full grown will right all our common ills and make it impossible for one or any set of individuals to exploit another. With an organization designed and constructed to establish such an equitable state of affairs a person is either a fool or a traitor to his fellow man who refuses to enroll in its ranks.

B. HOLMES.

"IF SILVER SAYS SO, IT'S SO"

NOW FOR THE FINISH

Saturday will be the last day to get your 4th of July outfit. This store is brimfull of "snaps" for the last day. No matter what you want, you will find it here Saturday at a CUT PRICE.

MEN'S SUITS

A complete assortment of snappy styles,—always dependable fabrics,—all the popular colors, also blue and black,—workmanship and trimmings the very best,—absolutely perfect fit.

\$25.00 Suits Cut to \$18.50	\$15.00 Suits Cut to \$9.85
\$22.50 Suits Cut to \$14.75	\$12.50 Suits Cut to \$8.45
\$18.00 Suits Cut to \$12.50	

MEN'S SHOES AND OXFORDS

Get your shoes NOW—shoes for every occasion,—shoes to fit all feet,—tans and blacks in all the popular leathers,—heavy weights and light weights,—satisfactory wear or your money back,—that's the way I sell shoes.

\$3.50 Tan Blucher Oxfords Cut to \$2.50	\$2.50 Dress Shoes Cut to \$1.75
\$4.00 Tan Work Shoes Cut to \$3.00	\$4.50 Patent Leather Oxfords Cut to \$3.25
\$3.50 Vici Dress Shoes Cut to \$2.50	

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

If you want anything in Hats,—socks,—ties,—fancy vests,—gloves,—suspenders,—etc., get it here Saturday at a cut price.

OSCAR SILVER

The Big Double Store Corner Front and Bernard Sts.

"THE WORKINGMAN'S STORE"

THE FLATHEAD STRIKE INDUSTRIAL WARFARE

(Continued from Page One.)

and slashed him over the side of the head with the butt of a six-shooter, splitting his ear open and raising a large lump on the jaw. Heslewood was put in jail, and next day at 1 p. m. the sheriff had not yet made out a complaint. Didn't know what to put on it. He finally said it was resisting an officer. Heslewood was released on \$500 bonds to appear on the 17th. (Could have had \$50,000 bonds if necessary.) On the 17th the enemy decided they had no case and dismissed it. Again, no redress for being slugged by a drunken lunk, or for false imprisonment. It's too bad Heslewood didn't resist. He would not trap. He has been there before. The workers are getting next to all the criminal plots of the master class, who own the courts, sheriffs, deputies, Pinkertons and militia.

Boys Losing Money Fast.

The manager of the Somers Lumber Co. says he is losing piles of money; that he can not get the logs down; that 15 per cent, more or less, will sink in the rivers and lake; that he will have to pay taxes on the same logs next year that he paid on this year, and under oath in court he says it is impossible for him to secure men to do the work.

Boys, the workers are waking up. So are the bosses. They know what victory to the I. W. W. means. They will go broke before they will admit they are whipped. They have had to pay the demands of the I. W. W. in Flathead valley in a number of instances. They see their power slipping away from them. We are fighting against tremendous odds, but get into the fight; build up the industrial union. To hell with the bread lines and misery. They can't get scabs any longer. All as a result of the agitation of the I. W. W. Ignorance is rapidly being dispelled. We can't be fooled by law and order thugs, or A. F. of L. fakera much longer. The International Brotherhood of Woodmen and Sawmill Workers (God save the mark) sent their union scabs to Somers to assist the boss. The Pinkertons also sent their men to assist the boss. The Pink don't work. The International scab does.

Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer, We'll keep our red flag flying here.

PLESS COMMITTEE.
I. W. W. Flathead Valley Strike.

THE EASTERN JUNGLES.

I left "Chi" a few weeks ago and am now in Minne. There are some good jungles along the pike through Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and they are well supplied with tinware and are nearly always full of affia. The affia don't know much about the dope I am trying to hand them, but they listen very attentively and seem to think it is all right. They like the hallooing songs very much, and I am forced to believe that if we shoot the I. W. W. dope hard enough and often enough we will soon wise them up.

I stopped to work in two extra gangs and passed by several others. The pushes and the stomach-robbers (boarding bosses) are a hostile people. They won't give you a feed or a flop in advance of the job. Their rule is work first, feed and flop afterwards, and you bet the affia don't like these rules.

They are paying \$1.50 per and \$3.75 for board. I find some I. W. W. agitators in Minne. There is a bunch that know how to sing the songs and a few dope shooters that can hit the mark, and they are well surrounded by targets.

The man herders (employment sharks) are certainly catching a lot of suckers. They are shipping them in all directions. You feel sure out there certainly have the right dope and you know how to shoot it. Your paper is without a doubt the best in the world today; so don't get stale, just confine with the same spirit and I am sure the world will soon be ours. I am going to leave Minne. for your country as soon as I can get a grubstake.

JOE WILSON.
I. W. W. IN FRISCO.

Enclosed find three dollars to pay for six snus. Conditions in San Francisco, to say the least, are something fierce. Outside of brick cleaning, which pays \$1.00 per thousand, there are only a few pick and shovel jobs, and they are in the hands of the employment sharks, who do not fail to exact their pound of flesh. A stranger, coming to the city, would think for a moment that he had struck a regular bonanza, as far as work is concerned; that is, if he was to take Murray & Ready and the rest of that blood-sucking crew's bulletin boards for granted. Murray & Ready alone advertise in the S. F. Examiner every day for from 5,000 to 8,000 men, but outside of the S. F. tunnel work, I question very much if he could place a half a dozen in a job. Local 173's condition is anything but bright at present, owing to half the members being out of work and a lack of speakers. Fellow Worker Speed is the only speaker that we have got at present, and it is very hard for one speaker to carry on the propaganda work in a big city like this. Of course, all the boys do their best to spread the germ of revolution amongst the slaves, but like myself they are unable to take the stump, but we expect great results from Fellow Worker E. J. Foote, who speaks here on July 8th on revolutionary unionism. We will do our best to hold him here at least a week, and as Fellow Worker E. G. Flynn is on the coast, and I don't think there is any doubt but what we will be able to ensure her quite a number of meetings, so, though things just at present are not exactly what we would like them to be, the prospects of the near future certainly look rosy.

J. W. Johnstone and J. O'Connell, Press Committee Ind. Union 173.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

Speaking of Preston and Smith still in prison! There is only one way to convince the citizens of the Sagebrush State of the Power of Labor, and that is to organize the so-called Hobos, who make the hay and otherwise assist in the harvest fields of the Great State of Nevada. If the Workingmen only get wise, and learn of the contempt the farmers of Nevada have for the "Hobo" who comes over the mountains from California every year, with his blankets over his back, works from "Sun to Sun" and after the harvest is over, having paid his share of Poll-Tax into the County Larceny (fund), is allowed to hike back to "Frisco, his Goal. There to find himself "broke" long before the next job is procurable. Now with the Farmworkers organized and advised to stay away from Nevada till Preston and Smith are freed, we would behold the spectacle of the People of Nevada petitioning the Pardoning Board to set Preston and Smith at liberty, so that the damn Hobo may come again. And furthermore, if the Farmers be convinced that the "Hobo" is organized, they (the Farmers) can be induced to furnish beds; yes, decent sleeping quarters for their help. This from one who was there. A "HARVEST HAND."

STRIKE FUND.

From Executive Committee Spokane I. W. W.	
Previously acknowledged	\$157.80
George Pafr, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
O. J. Sautter, Los Angeles, Cal.	1.00
A. B. Behrens, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
P. P. Hill, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
George Pafr, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
A. Stachura, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
W. S. Groundan, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
John David, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
John Wilson, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
Frank Henry, Los Angeles, Cal.	.25
Jim Danohus	1.00
Charles Bachman	5.00
Total	\$169.05

From Seattle.
Seattle, Wash., June 28th, 1909.

Herewith forward subscription list to the Montana strike fund continued:
Previously acknowledged \$71.90
Post office money order 7.00

E. Collins	5.00
Frank Brecka	2.00
John Larson	1.00
R. L. LaRue	.50
Gus Lindstrom	.50
Total	\$87.90

To be continued.
Things in Seattle are improving steadily. Members are being enrolled and as soon as the loggers arrive there will be great activity, as most of the camps will quit work for a time at least.
Will send you more subs as usual Wednesday.
WM. LIEBRECHT,
Financial Secretary I. W. 432.

TRIP OF A. V. ROE.

I left Spokane on Friday night on No. 4, as you know. Arrived in Sandpoint at 2 a. m. Saturday, canvassed the town, sold about 50 papers, and bought a box of tacks and tacked up the cards all over the town. Things look pretty good in Sandpoint in the way of industrial unionism, and I believe that if an organizer was to drop in on Saturday, give a Saturday night spiel on the street and stay over Sunday, that he would have no trouble getting enough members to start a local. It's a fierce bunch of scabs in the sawmills at Sandpoint—the Humboldt mills, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. The scale of wages in the mills are \$2.25 and \$2.50 for ten hours and every other night they come back after supper and work from 7 till 9:30 at the same rate as the day work.

I asked one of the slaves working there why they didn't go out with the boys in Montana and get a little more of the products of their labor. But he got sore right away and told me that "the I. W. W. was a scab bunch, as the men who went out in Montana were coming into their mill (Sandpoint mills) and taking their jobs away from them and compelling them (the Sandpoint scabs) to go to Montana to scab on the men who were out there!" I have heard a good many excuses made, as to why men scab, but this one is a new one on me. I left Sandpoint Saturday night on the rods of the North Coast Limited and arrived in Paradise at 3:30 Sunday morning. Ate breakfast, scattered papers and cards all over town, and hiked 27 miles through the jungles to Dixon, giving away papers and tacking up cards all the way. Street speaking is all right in Sandpoint. Left Dixon at 9:03 last night, got here (Missoula) about 11 p. m. Crawled into a side-door Pullman, covered up with an industrial worker and dreamed about Judge Mann all night. As soon as I hit the street this morning, the natives told me of an I. W. W. man, who got pinched last week for street speaking. I am going to hold a street meeting here tonight if they will let me. I guess I will get pinched all right, but I guess I can stand it. I had 30 song books that I intended to sell here, but I lost them off the rods last night. I am going to scatter the May Day edition all over town today. From here I will jump direct to Minneapolis.

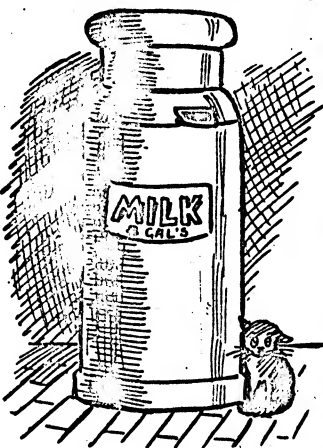
ALBERT V. ROE.

THE TROUBLE AT EUREKA.

This is the first true report that I've been able to get hold of since the business men in Eureka tried to rotten-egg the I. W. W. band. It seems that it was during the strike of the river drivers on the Fortine river, that the business men of Eureka first got sore at the I. W. W., as they were afraid the strikers might cause their master, Mr. Weil of the Eureka Lumber Co., some uneasiness on account of the fifty-cent raise they were out for. Most of the business men tried to hire scabs to work on the river while the strike was on, but were not successful, as the union men always stopped the poor dupes they roped in and wised them up to the strike that was on. Not being successful in hiring scabs when they heard that J. Walsh and the band were to play and speak on the streets of Eureka, they held a meeting of business men in the bank and decided to break up their meeting. The main object of this meeting was to rotten egg the band and incite the lumber jacks and river men to start a riot, so that these law-abiding, peaceful citizens could shoot down the rioters and also the speakers during the trouble, as Mr. Brandenberg was seen loading a Winchester rifle in his meat market and hid it behind the door, waiting for the trouble to start. C. H. Pomeroy (lawyer), State Representative Linsley (grocer), J. Bailing (druggist) and Dr. Bogart, were the also implicated in the mix-up. Notice the question mark. Remember the new libel law. We must keep the "Worker" from being suppressed.—Ed.] It seems that our brave, law-abiding sheriff was the cause of the business men wanting to create a riot, as he informed them that he could only stop the meeting if trouble did start. When the meeting of the I. W. W. band did start, our brave sheriff was prominent in the background; may be he was afraid some one would hit him with an egg; but his fears were groundless as the 6 and 7 year old boys that the business men had hired, refused to throw the eggs, and none of the business men dared, because one lumber jack informed them that there would be a cracked head for every egg thrown. Of course that settled all the trouble as far as the business men were concerned, but then enters Mr. Sheriff again with the mighty law behind him and told the band to disperse for fear of trouble. Sure! Pick on the band because it was peaceful and tell them to disperse, but never said a word to the curs who brought the eggs out to start the trouble with (free country). However, the band held a successful meeting in Dugan Hall, and were able to spread the gospel of discontent all right. The working people of Eureka are pretty much stirred up over the whole affair and we hope that the next time we strike against the master they will join with us and help whip him. Local 421 intends to spread the gospel of discontent in this valley until the slaves get sense and intelligence enough to study industrial unionism and join the I. W. W. and then we bet the boss and his hirelings.

JOE DUDDY,
Kalispell, Mont.

The workers in Somers who have been ejected from their homes, and ejected from getting their mail, or from speaking up any person on the country road, ought to borrow a nickel from some person to buy fire-crackers with, so that the anniversary of America's Freedom can be fittingly celebrated.



CAN'T GET THE MILK!

This picture shows the condition of the workers. The cat represents the hungry worker. The big can of cool, fresh milk represents all the good things of life. The I. W. W. is the way to get the cover off the can and the I. W. W. is the way to get the milk.

FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

June 25, 1909.
Arrived in Minneapolis this morning at 6 a. m., safe, sound and hungry. Left Missoula at 11 p. m., June 21, on the rods of No. 6; arrived Mandan, N. D., June 23, 3 a. m. Made 805 miles on the jump. Could have gone clear through on her but got hungry and sleepy. Met Fellow Worker John M. Posa and Peter Geleyn, L. U. 222 and L. U. 434, in Mandan. We went down to the jungles and had a good old fashioned muligan—the kind mother never had the nerve to make.

The jungles in Mandan are fine; right on the bank of a nice river, plenty of good water and wood and everything to make a slave, who is too wise to work, feel thankful that he is not a millionaire!

If a bunch of the muck stick artists around Spokane could see the "Boes" in the jungles at Mandan, lying in the shade, drinking ice water, they would swear off work forever. I intended to hold a street meeting in Mandan, but as I had no literature of any kind to pass out and as my clothes were a little seedy, I passed it up.

I left Mandan at 2 a. m., June 24, on the rods of No. 6. Rode 56 miles and got ditched; caught a freight and went to "Jintown" for dinner. After dinner, caught another freight and got to Staples at 9 o'clock last night. This morning I hit the rods of No. 4 at 2 a. m. and got to Minneapolis at 6 a. m. The biggest jump I made on the trip was from Missoula to Mandan, 805 miles in 27 hours. I am leaving for Chicago this evening. I have got to go out today and bum a suit of rags, as the rods are hard on clothes.

The Minneapolis employment sharks are flooding the country around Glendive with working stiffs. There is going to be a branch built from Glendive to Omaha, but it is not started yet. I will write you again from Chicago. Give my regards to all the boys. Well I guess I will ring off. I have got to get busy if I want to rag up here today.

ALBERT V. ROE,
The Transcontinental Cyclist.

RESOLUTION.

I am instructed by L. U. No. 322, I. W. W., to inform you that this local has decided to go on record as endorsing the resolution drawn up by L. U. No. 92 of Portland, Ore., calling for a referendum in lieu of a convention, and that this endorsement should be sent to the Industrial Worker for publication.
L. U. No. 322, I. W. W., Vancouver, B. C., per Fred. C. Lewis.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

WILL SPEAK AT

I. W. W. Headquarters
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